

MARVEL
COMICS



JAN
#12

APPROVED BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DEADPOOL

DROWNING
MAN

pt. 1

FEATURING

The
TERRACOTTA-HAIRED
T-RAY!

The
WHIMSICAL (NOT!)
WARPATH!

The ZANY
ZOE!

The TANTALIZING
TYPHOID!



KELLY
WOODS
DENTON

Can
SIRUN
SAVE

DEADPOOL
FROM
Himself?

DIRECT EDITION

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01211



PROLOGUE:

"THE WORLD IS NOT SINGING TODAY."

"COLD, SECRETIVE, FETID SILENCE."

"I DON'T APPROVE. I AM A BUSY MAN WITH NO TIME FOR GAMES."

"THE WORLD HOARDS HER MYSTERIES, BELIEVES THEM INVIOLE."

"PERHAPS TO THE LIVESTOCK THEY ARE..."

"...BUT NOT TO ME."

"I WILL MAKE THE WORLD SPEAK..."

"...TEAR AT THE FLESH OF THE WORLD... FIND THE HEAT INSIDE... THE SMOKE."

"DIVINATION..."

"...WHAT THE WORLD SURRENDERS IN ITS DEFIANT SHRIEK..."

"...IS MUSIC... SWEET SONG OF DYING."

"A SONG FOR YOU, WADE WILSON..."

"...IT'S TIME."

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OKAY...
I GET THE
POINT.



CHICAGO...

IN A DIM CORNER OF
FILTH AND DESPAIR
CALLED...

...THE
HELLHOUSE

BOEET

IS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE
TO THE MESSAGE,
NOAH?

JUST TEN
MORE PAGES OF
THE SAME. LISTEN, THE
BIGWIGS ARE STARTING
TO WORRY, ZOE... WHAT
DO YOU WANT
TO DO?

FIRST,
MAKE SURE TO
EDIT MONTY FROM
NOW ON BEFORE HE
SENDS BRAIN-MAIL --



— THESE HANDHELD
UNITS CAN ONLY SUPPORT
SO MANY MEGS OF
MELODRAMA.

SECOND,
PREP A BODYSLIDE
TO THE LAST KNOWN
LOCATION OF THERESA
ROURKE, AKA SIRYN. I'LL
BE READY IN HALF
AN HOUR.

COPY
THAT, ZOE, BUT...
MONTGOMERY SEEMED TO
IMPLY THAT THIS NEEDS TO BE
ADDRESSED IMMEDIATELY --

THEN GIVE
HIM A KIT-KAT
AND TELL HIM TO
KEEP STILL...



"...THERE'S
SOMETHING
I HAVE TO PUT
TO BED FIRST...
PERMANENTLY.

I'M GETTING
TIRED OF WAITING,
LITTLE MAN... ANY
WORD FROM OUR
BOY, YET?

NOT A
PEEP, TYPHOID...
SAY, WHY DON'T YOU
FORGET ABOUT
DEADPOOL...

BEWARE
OF
DOGS

...GIVE AN
OL' DOG A
CHANCE T'TEACH
YE A NEW TRICK
OR TWO...

Mmmm...
I LIKE THE
WAY YOU BARK,
PATCH...



...BUT YOUR
HEART COULDN'T
HANDLE IT...

MY
HEART HAS
NOTHING TO DO
WITH IT.

SEE YA
'ROUND, DOGGIE-
DADDY. SWEET
DREAMS.

"IT'S TIME...OR
SO THEY SAY..."



"BUT IF IT IS THE REAL
DEAL -- IF WILSON
IS DUE TO EVOLVE...

"...THERE'S NO WAY THAT
FREAK OF NATURE IS
GOING TO RUN IT..."

"...NOT ON MY
WATCH."

"SHE'S WELL
TRAINED... HAVE
TO KEEP ON MY --

"WHAT?!
IMPOSSIBLE."

VISOR
ISN'T PICKING
HER UP *ANY-
WHERE...* SHE
JUST...

CENTRAL!

BRDEEP

EXPEDITER
PRIORITY
OVERRIDE.

SCRAP THE
DELAY ON THAT BODY-
SLIDE! I NEED OUT OF
HERE NOW! SHE MUST HAVE
PROCURED A TELEPORTER!

**VR
RR
MMM**

GOD
HELP ME IF
SHE'S GOTTEN TO
HIM... IF I'M TOO
LATE --

TSK-TSK...
UPTOWN GIRL
LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T
HANG OUT IN A PLACE
LIKE *THIS*...

...I HEAR
THERE'RE FILTHY
PICKPOCKETS
ABOUT...

...NOT TO
MENTION SCOUNDRELS
LOOKING TO GET INTO
MORE THAN JUST
POCKETS, TOO...

...WHO ARE YOU,
CHICKEN LEGS?
YOU'VE BEEN EYEBALLING
ME SINCE I STEPPED IN...

...BESIDES THE OBVIOUS
SOCIETAL CUSTOM OF FEMALE
COMPETITION... WHY ARE
YOU INTERESTED IN
LITTLE OL' --

WELL,
WELL, WELL...
BLESS THESE
EYES...?

LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE
FORGOT TO TELL
ME IT WAS MY
BIRTHDAY...

...Oh... LIFE
IS GRAND.



**PROLOGUE
END.**



WHOO-HEE!
ALMOST ENOUGH
TO MAKE A BODY
WANNA GO REDNECK,
DON'T YA THINK,
WEAZP

ALL WE NEED
IS A GUN RACK, A FEW
JUGS OF MOONSHINE AN' A
COUPLE OF DAISY DUKE CUT-
OFFS, AND WE COULD HAVE
OURSELVES ONE HECK OF
A HOOTENANNY!

HOW
'BOUT AFTER WE
FIND TERRY, WE PUT
SOME FISHTAILS ON
THIS BAD-BOY, STRAP
A JET ENGINE ON THE
BACK AND CALL IT THE
DEADMOBILE...

... THEN WE
COULD DRESS
YOU UP IN A DOMINO
MASK AND SPEEDOS
AND CALL YOU
POOL-BOY...

NO THANKS...
SPANDEX MAKES
MY BUTT LOOK
BIG.

THE MERC
Stan Lee
presents:
WITH A MOUTH

THE DROWNING MAN

OR THINGS TO DO IN IOWA WHEN YOU'RE DEADPOOL PART ONE
A KELLY/DENTON/WOODS/MASSENGILL/WONG/TINSEY/COMICRAFT/IDELSON/HARRAS PRODUCTION



NOW, NOW, WEASEL!
YOU'RE A PERFECT
CANDIDATE FOR A NICE
SNUG THONG!

HEY, SCREWHEADS!
DON'T YOU THINK OUR
BOY'D LOOK GREAT AS A
CRIME-FIGHTING UNDER-
WEAR MODEL?

MANGLE!

OH, YEAH,
I FORGOT... YOU
BOYS ARE BOUND
TO THAT MILITARY
THING...

DON'T ASK,
DON'T TELL,
RIGHT?

SIGH! I
BET JOHN WAYNE'S
ROLLING OVER IN
HIS GRAVE...



FROM WHAT I WAS ABLE TO CULL FROM
THE WEB, YOUR BONNIE LASS WAS
INVOLVED IN A SKIRMISH WITH THOSE
ZERO TOLERANCE FASCISTS
JUST OVER THIS —

HILL?
OH... THIS IS
BAD...

UH-OH!
BETTER GET
MAGOOOOOOOO



FOUR BLOWN TIRES AND A DARING TRANSMISSION OVERHAUL LATER...

YEAH, THEY WERE HERE, ALL RIGHT... TALK ABOUT SUBTLE... THOSE DWEEB'S PRACTICALLY LEFT A BIG X WITH A CIRCLE AROUND IT...

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, TERRY AND CO. DELIVERED UNTO SOME OZT BOOTY A SERMON OF PAIN...

... THEN THEY EITHER STOPPED TO DO THE MACARENA, OR THEY WERE AIRLIFTED OUT... FOOT-PRINTS ARE A LITTLE STALE...

TERRYYYYY!

STELLAAAA!
ADRIANNNN!

I TAKE IT YOUR INSPECTION OF THE LIZARD DROPPINGS HAS BEEN FOR NAUGHT?

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE DEADPOOL... HE'S NOT REALLY HIMSELF TODAY...

NORMALLY HE DOESN'T GO AROUND STEALING MILITARY VEHICLES AND KIDNAPPING MP'S, BUT HE'S SORT OF IN LOVE...

OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T USUALLY LEAVE WITNESSES ALIVE EITHER, SO YOU SEE IT'S KIND OF A MIXED BLESSING FOR YOU TWO —

THAT'S WILSON FOR YES.

THERE'S NOTHING HERE, WEAZ... NOTHING!

HEY, BUD... TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL FIND HER, EVENTUALLY... WHY THE ANEURYSM?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE'VE GOT TO, CAUSE —

BECAUSE IF I FIND HER FIRST...

...IT MIGHT PUT A CRAMP IN YOUR PLANS FOR A WONDERFUL LIFE...

OH... LOOK WHAT JUST FELL OUT OF THE UGLY TREE...



T-RAY. HOPE YOU'VE GOT ON LIKE AN SPF THREE-THOUSAND SUN-BLOCK...

...I'D HATE TO SEE SOMEONE OF YOUR SALLOW COMPLEXION DIE OF A PAINFUL FESTERING MELANOMA... SLOWLY.

BY THE WAY... MICHAEL JACKSON CALLED. HE WANTS HIS SKIN BACK...

LOOKS LIKE YOU MISSED THE CONCERT, WILSON...

...FROM THE DAMAGE, IT SEEMS YOUR SONGBIRD HAS QUITE THE SET OF PIPES.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD COST TO GET A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OUT OF HER?



YOU SON OF A —

SHHHH I'M GONNA —

SHHHH THEN I'LL —

HEAVENS TA MERGETROID... I'M REALLY STUCK HERE —

UH... W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, T-RAY?



WILSON AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT —

THE ONLY BUSINESS WE SHHHH GOT IS AN APPOINTMENT TO ADD SOME SHHHH COLOR TO THAT FACE —

WILL SOMEBODY GET ME SOME *****! WD-40?!

BLOOD RED... BLACK AND BLUE —



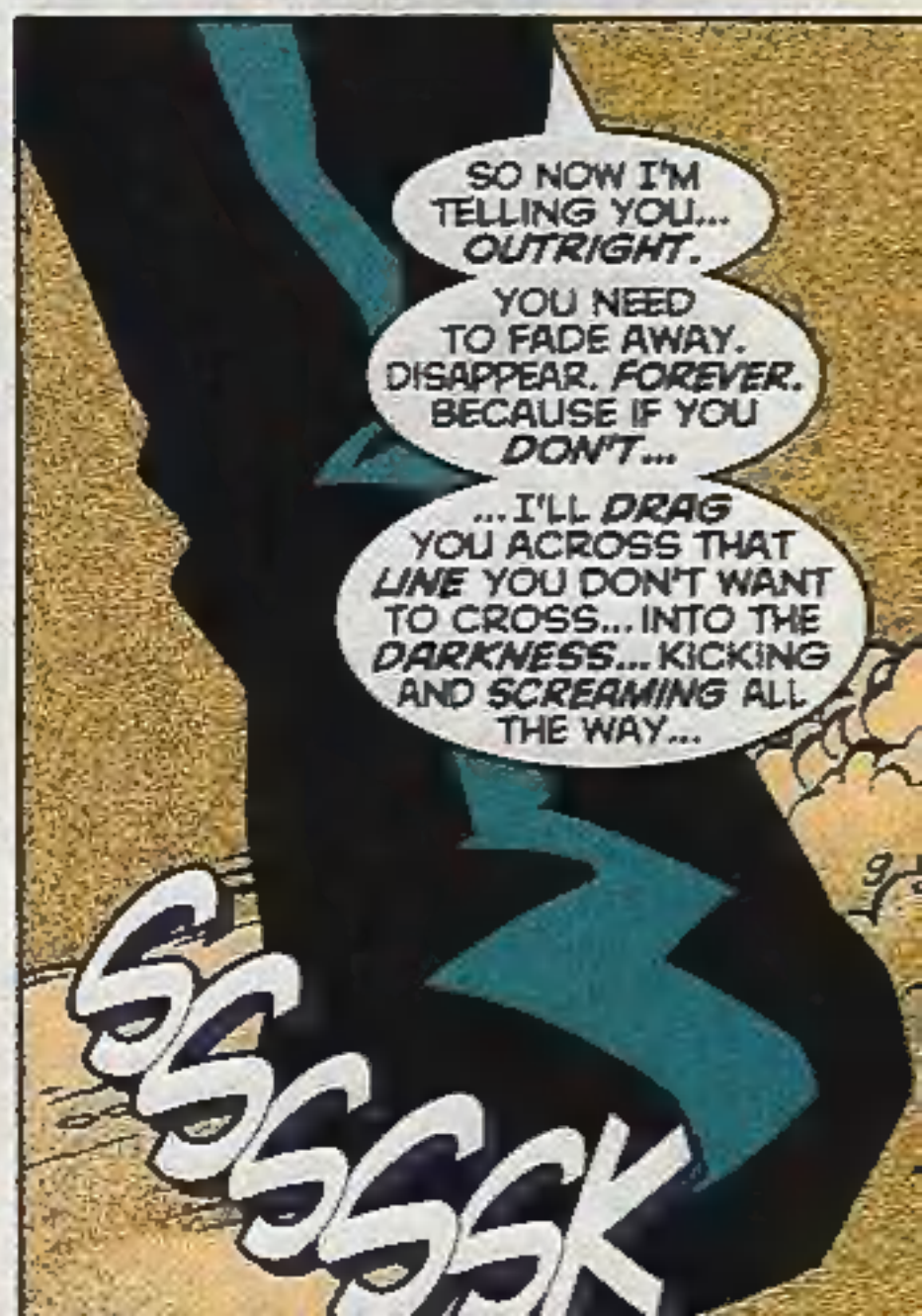
SHHHH FINE, IF I'M GONNA BE HERE FOR A WHILE, I MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY MYSELF...

LET'S PLAY PIN THE KATANA ON THE MERC... I GO FIRST, SO YOU TURN AROUND AND BEND OVER --

SWIFF

YOU CAME BACK TO HELL-HOUSE. YOU BROKE HEADS ON MY CREW. YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED AWAY.

OBVIOUSLY BURNING OFF YOUR FACE WASN'T A CLEAR ENOUGH MESSAGE THAT YOUR TIME WAS DONE...



SO NOW I'M TELLING YOU... OUTRIGHT.

YOU NEED TO FADE AWAY. DISAPPEAR. FOREVER. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T...

...I'LL DRAG YOU ACROSS THAT LINE YOU DON'T WANT TO CROSS... INTO THE DARKNESS... KICKING AND SCREAMING ALL THE WAY...

SSSSSK



I LET YOU GET AWAY WITH A LOT OF BALONEY, T-RAY, CAUSE MY GRAMMY ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO BE KIND TO STUPID ANIMALS WHAT CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES...

... SHE ALSO TAUGHT ME TO OPEN BEER BOTTLES WITH MY TEETH... BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT SPEECH...

... SO I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DROP THIS, NOW.

I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND RIGHT NOW THAN SMEARING YOUR WHITE-OUT HIDE WITH BLOOD --



LIKE WHAT, WILSON? MORE HERO GAMES? MORE TIME PRETENDING AT WHAT YOU'RE NOT?

YOUR DAY WITH TYPHOID SCARED YOU... DIDN'T IT? WOKE THAT PART YOU'VE TRIED TO PUT TO SLEEP --

-- AND YOU LIKED THE FEEL OF IT.



-- YOU BEEN READING DIANETICS AGAIN, T-BIRD? 'CAUSE I GOT NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

AND THAT IS WHY YOU'LL LOSE.

ENOUGH TALK, WADE... I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF. TAKE ME OUT IF YOU CAN.

CROSS THE LINE.



FINE. YOUR FUNERAL, CASPER... CONSIDER THE LINE CROSSED --

?

UH... GEE... THAT LINE LOOKS A LOT CLOSER FROM ALL THE WAY OVER HERE...



COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT JUST A FEW INCHES OVER, COULD YOU, PUNK...

LIGAMENTS... ~~SAHKE~~ STRETCHING PAST... CAPACITY... MUST... PROVE... MACHISMO...

UH-OH... SOMETHING JUST WENT "POP".



THERE!

HARDY-FLIPPIN'-HAR-HAR!







YOU'RE NOT THINKING CLEARLY —

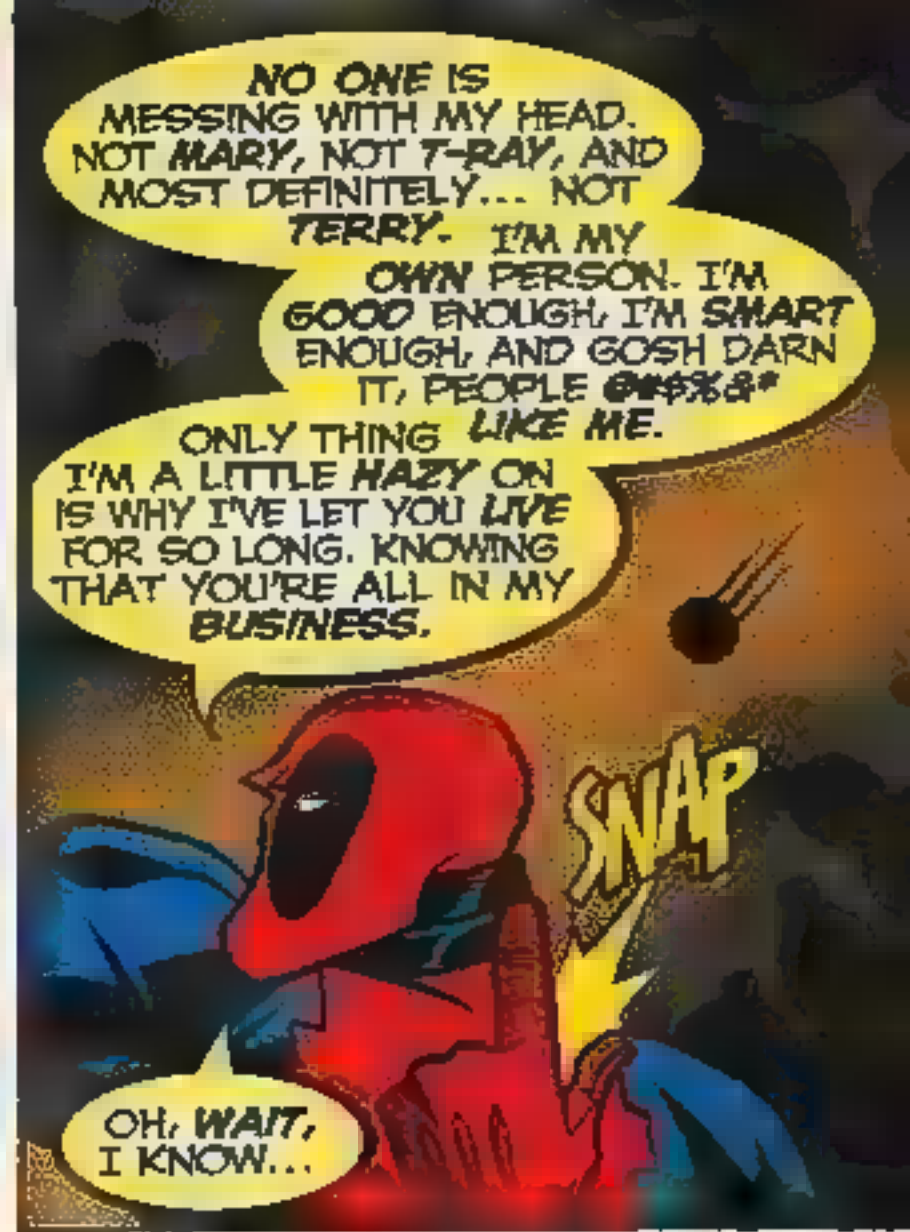
YOU'RE A SENTENCE AWAY FROM A BODY BAG, GIRL. SHUT UP... 'CAUSE NOW WADE HAS THE FLOOR.



—HURK—

FIRST, MY HEAD IS CRYSTAL, BABE. I MAY NOT BE THE MOST TOGETHER MERC IN THE WORLD, BUT I AM LUCID.

SECOND, T-RAY IS NOT YOUR PROBLEM. HE'S MINE, AND IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, HE'LL BE THE UNDERTAKER'S MESS. END OF STORY.



NO ONE IS MESSING WITH MY HEAD. NOT MARY, NOT T-RAY, AND MOST DEFINITELY... NOT TERRY. I'M MY OWN PERSON. I'M GOOD ENOUGH, I'M SMART ENOUGH, AND GOSH DARN IT, PEOPLE @\$\$%&*

ONLY THING LIKE ME. I'M A LITTLE HAZY ON IS WHY I'VE LET YOU LIVE FOR SO LONG. KNOWING THAT YOU'RE ALL IN MY BUSINESS.

OH, WAIT, I KNOW...

SNAP



— BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHERE SIRYN IS IF I CRUSH YOUR WINDPIPE.

—CHURRK—
WILSON... PLEASE... FORGET HER... I DON'T KNOW --
—WILSONGCH—

YOU KNEW I'D BE HERE 'CAUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR HER. HENCE, ERGO AND PROCTOR HOC, YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS CURRENTLY. IF YOU DON'T...

...NOW YOU HAVE AN INCENTIVE TO FIND HER.

I — I CAN'T BREATHE.

YEAH... SUCKS, DOESN'T IT?



WÄHRENDESSEN... GANZ WOANDERS... (EIN ANSCHEINEND ZUSAMMENHANGSLOSER ORTSWECHSEL...)

JA, JEDER WEISS WARUM NEUE COKE VOM MARKT GENOMMEN WURDE...

...ES VERURSACHT GEHIRNKREBS. TEIL EINER LYBERISCHEN VERSCHWÖRUNG.

UNGLAUBLICH, GERRY... WIRKLICH... ICH KANN'S GAR NICHT FASSEN...



WENN SIE DENKEN, DAS IST UNGLAUBLICH, SOLLTEN SIE MAL HÖREN WAS SIE MIT DEN KAFFEEBOHNEN MACHEN, DIE SIE DA TRINKEN.

Öh... WISSEN SIE, WIE SPÄT ES IST, PASTOR?



ÄH...
JA... SICHER... ES
IST KURZ VOR
MITTAG.

WAS
WAR DAS ÜBER
KAFFEE --?

ACH,
MIST. ICH MUSS MICH
BEEILEN, PASTOR. HAB'
'NE ART VERABREDUNG
MORGEN, UND ICH
WILL NICHT ZU SPÄT
KOMMEN.

WIR
SEHEN UNS
NÄCHSTE WOCHE,
ABGEMACHT?



GUT... ABER BEVOR
DU GEHST... WAS
WAR DAS MIT DEM
KAFFEE?

ACH... IS' SOWIESO
ZU SPÄT FÜR SIE.
VERGESSEN
SIE'S...

...SAGEN
SIE EIN PAAR
EXTRA GEBETE UND
GENIESSEN SIE DIE
ZEIT, DIE SIE NOCH
HABEN.



SMILEY
SAN FRANCISCO.
AT OUR TITLE
CHARACTER'S ABODE...

ARE
YOU OUT
OF YOUR
MIND?

NO...
BUT I THINK
I'M OUT OF DILL
WEED... CLEAN
'ROOS, TOO...

WHAT
WOULD I
BE DOING
WITH YOUR
MAGNIFYING
GLASS?

YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS
A BIG LOLLIPOPP
YOU WERE TRYING
TO SET ROSS PEROT
ON FIRE? THE
POSSIBILITIES ARE
ENDLESS...

OR
MAYBE YOU
MISPLACED IT...
LIKE YOU
ACCIDENTALLY-
ON-PURPOSE
MISPLACED
MY OTHER
SLIPPER --

MOIP!
I WOULD
NEVER DO
THAT TO YOUR
WITHERED OLD
TOOTSIES...
WOULD I,
DEUCE?

IF I
WAS DREAMIN',
YOU'D ■ CINDY
CRAWFORD AND
I'D ■ REALLY
SKEEVED, SO DON'T
GO THERE,
OKAY?

TELL
ME WHERE YOU
HID MY MAGNIFYING
GLASS, SO I CAN
READ THIS
MAP AND FIND
TERRY.

YOU'RE
DREAMING IF
YOU THINK NOW'S
THE TIME TO TAKE
DOWN T-RAY!
HE'S TOO --



ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU
GET EXPONENTIALLY MORE
ANNOYING WHEN YOU'RE
DESPERATE?

I AM NOT
DESPERATE! THIS
IS NOT DESPERATION!
I'M JUST A LITTLE JITTERY,
IS ALL... YOU KNOW HOW
I GET AFTER A MOUNTAIN
DEW AND A BOX
OF --

-- MALLOWARS?

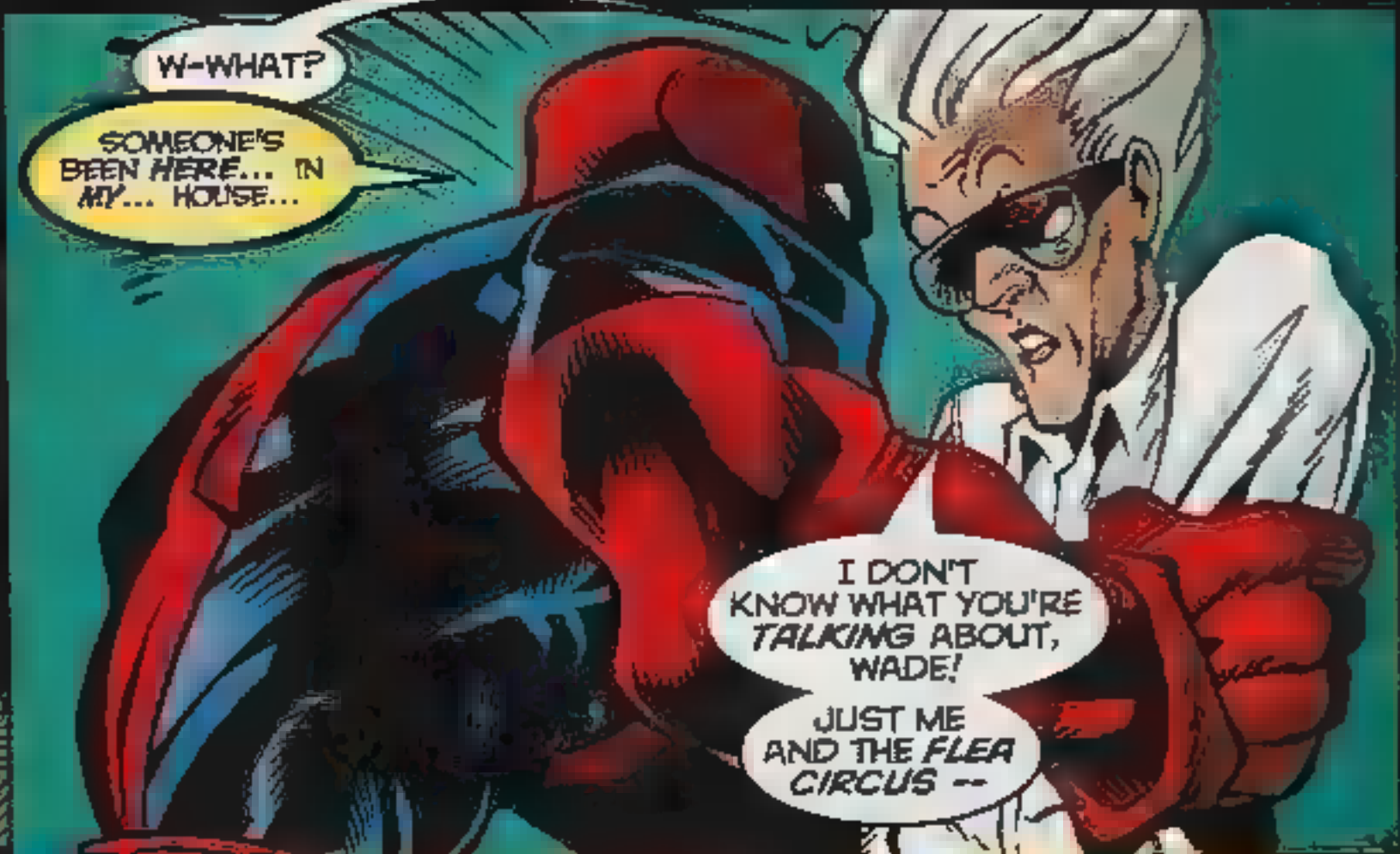
SNIFF
SNIFF



Uh...
THIS IS AN
UNUSUAL INVASION
OF MY PERSONAL
SPACE...

WHATSAMATTER? I
FORGET TO LOOFAP?

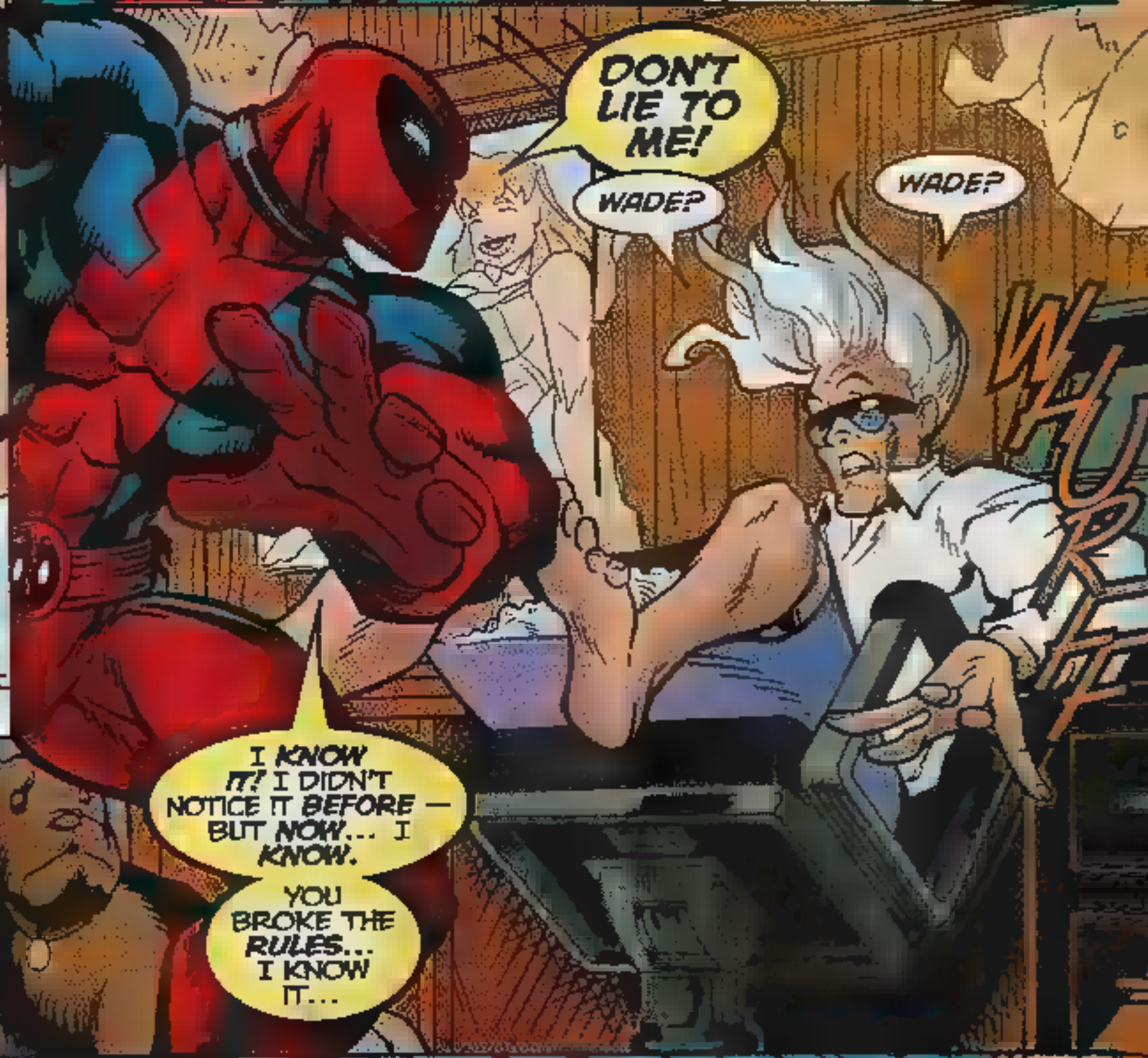
SOMEONE'S
BEEN HERE.



W-WHAT?
SOMEONE'S
BEEN HERE... IN
MY... HOUSE...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT,
WADE!

JUST ME
AND THE FLEA
CIRCUS --



DON'T
LIE TO
ME!

WADE?

WADE?

I KNOW
IT! I DIDN'T
NOTICE IT BEFORE --
BUT NOW... I
KNOW.

YOU
BROKE THE
RULES...
I KNOW
IT...



...AND THAT
MEANS...

... YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
PUNISHED, YOU
DECEITFUL
OLD --



SLAPP

THAT'S ENOUGH!

THAT WAS MY FACE THAT JUST WENT SLAPPY... YOU HIT ME?

YES... YES, I DID, WADE. 'CAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, I -- I'M TOO SCARED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.

THERE... I SAID IT. YOU FINALLY PUT THE FEAR O' WADE BACK INTO ME, AND I'M DOWN TO REACTING BY INSTINCT...

...HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED IT? THESE LAST FEW WEEKS? PLAYING THE ESCAPE GAME? THE RUSH TO FIGHT T-RAY? YOUR ~~REACTION~~ --?

...ALL THIS... THIS HERO STUFF YOU BEEN WORKING AT IS CATCHING UP WITH YOU... BUGGING YOU OUT... MAKING YOU CRAZY.

NO ONE WANTS YOU ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AS MUCH AS ME... BUT...

...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF, WADE?

I -- I DON'T KNOW...

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WADE... YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BOX...

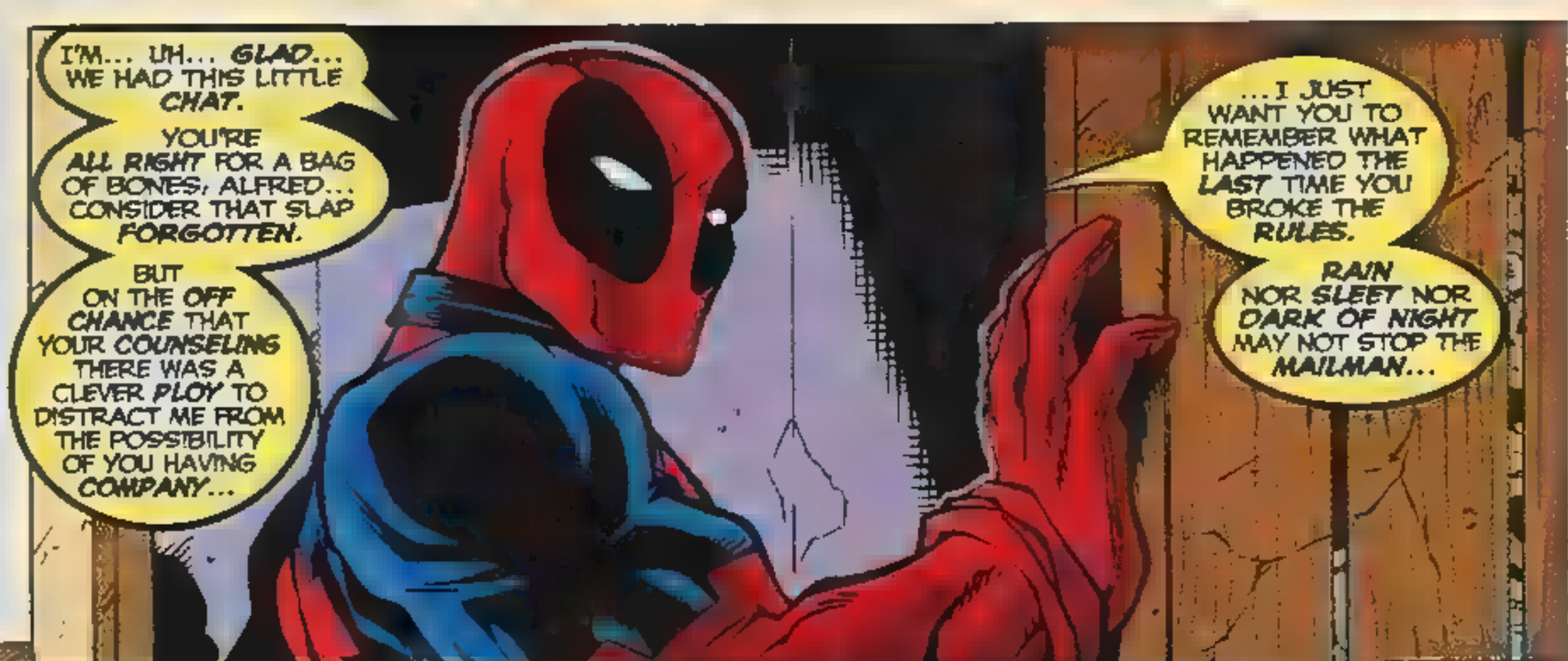
...THE BOX. YOU NEVER GO IN THERE ANY MORE...

...MY HEAD'S A LITTLE OUT OF WHACK LATELY, BUT -- NO... I GOT A GRIP, AL... REALLY.

I'M GONNA SQUARE THIS ALL AWAY... SOON...

...I JUST GOTTA SEE THERESA. SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO...

...SHE KNOWS... KNOWS WHAT I'M ABOUT...



I'M... UH... GLAD... WE HAD THIS LITTLE CHAT.

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT FOR A BAG OF BONES, ALFRED... CONSIDER THAT SLAP FORGOTTEN.

BUT ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT YOUR COUNSELING THERE WAS A CLEVER PLOY TO DISTRACT ME FROM THE POSSIBILITY OF YOU HAVING COMPANY...

...I JUST WANT YOU TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME YOU BROKE THE RULES.

RAIN NOR SLEET NOR DARK OF NIGHT MAY NOT STOP THE MAILMAN...



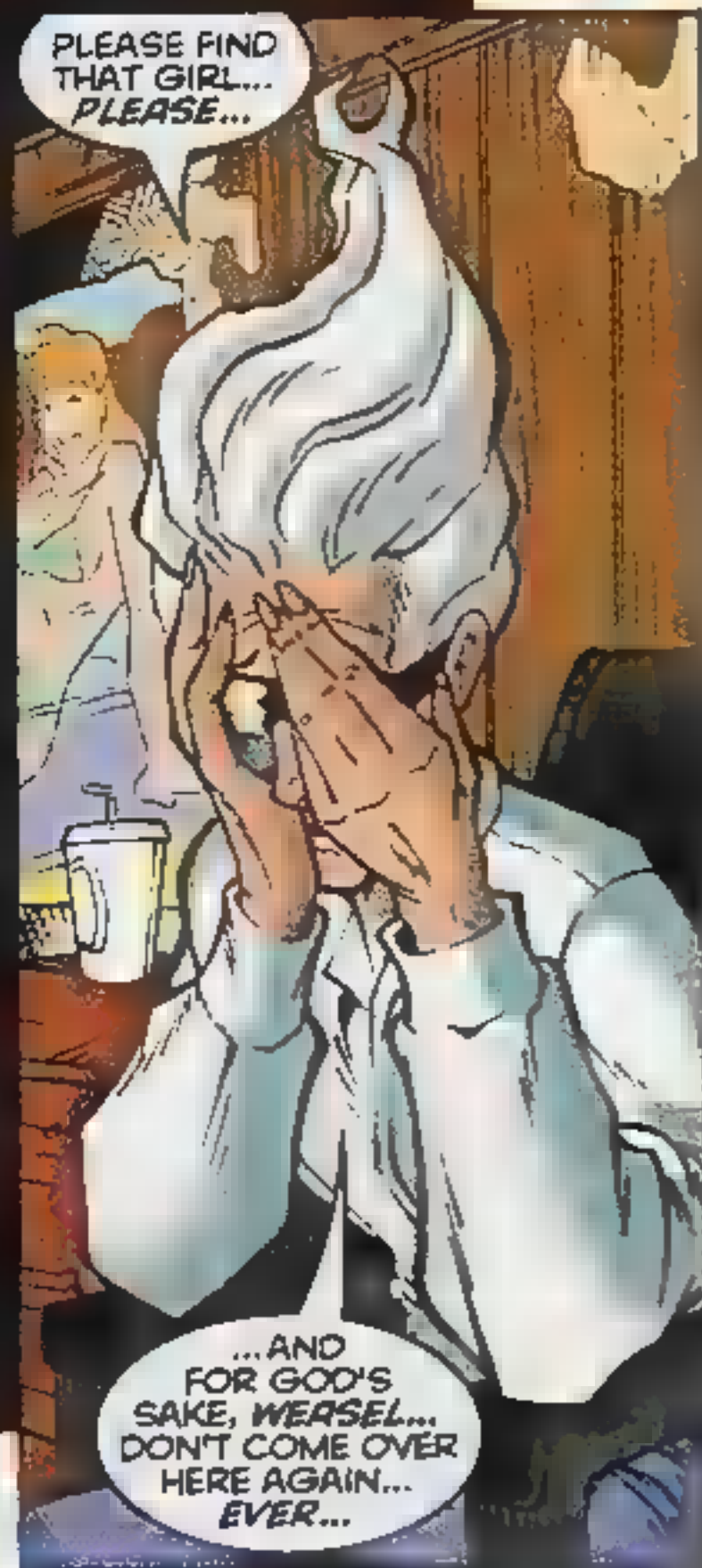
...BUT A COUPLE TWO-BY-FOURS AND A HANDFUL OF THREE PENNY-NAILS DO THE TRICK EVERY TIME.

KNOCK KNOCK

DON'T THEY, CLIFF, OL' BOY?

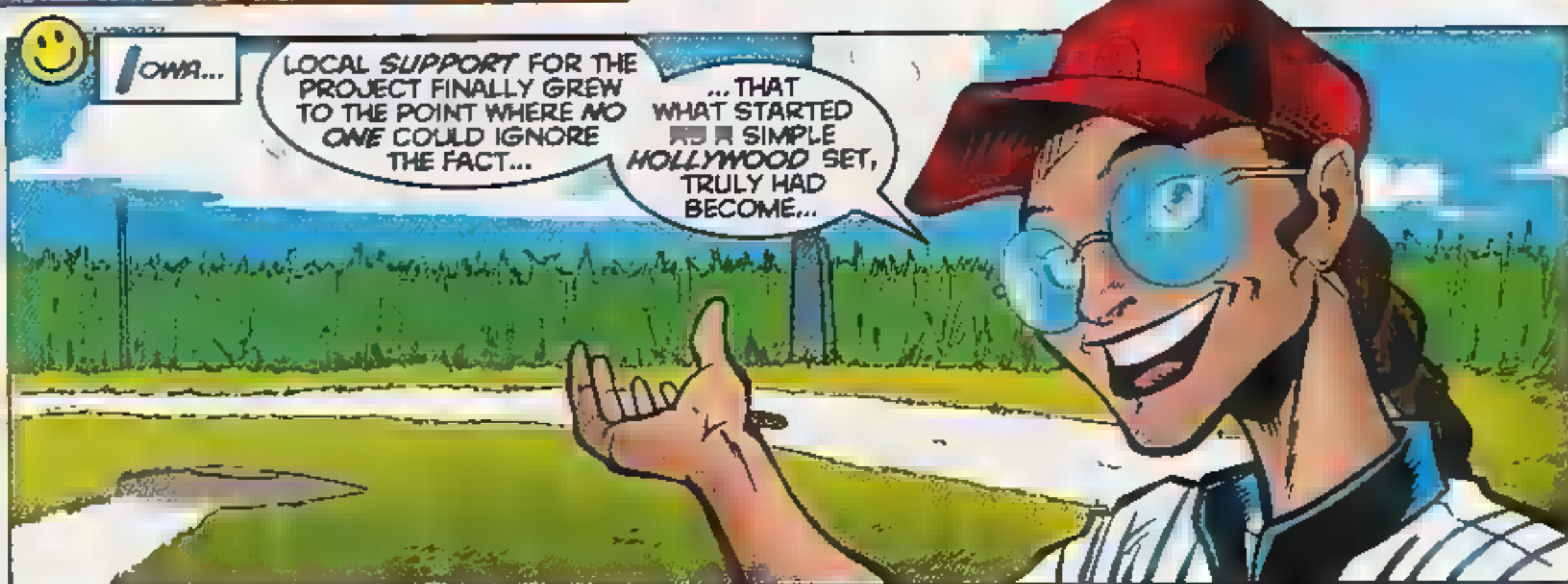


TA-TA!



PLEASE FIND THAT GIRL... PLEASE...

...AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, WEASEL... DON'T COME OVER HERE AGAIN... EVER...



/OWA...

LOCAL SUPPORT FOR THE PROJECT FINALLY GREW TO THE POINT WHERE NO ONE COULD IGNORE THE FACT...

...THAT WHAT STARTED AS A SIMPLE HOLLYWOOD SET, TRULY HAD BECOME...



...A
**FIELD OF
DREAMS!**

NOW,
I'LL BE HAPPY
TO DIRECT YOU TO
OUR CARDBOARD
KEVIN FOR PHOTOS,
OR TO OUR GIFT
SHOP --

YOU'RE
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

OCH,
COME ON,
JAMES! 'TIS A SLICE
OF AMERICANA! THE
ULTIMATE MARRIAGE
OF BASEBALL AN'
CINEMA --

LET'S
NOT GET
CARRIED AWAY,
THERESA. IT'S
AN OKAY FILM,
BUT THAT'S
IT...

...BESIDES,
WE'VE GOT A
LOT OF ROAD TO
COVER IF WE'RE
GOING TO GET TO
NEBRASKA
SOMETIME THIS
MONTH --

JUST
FIFTEEN MINUTES,
JAMES! I'M NAЕ
SUGGESTING THAT WE
PUT OFF THE SEARCH FR
MICHAEL WHITECLOUD
ANY LONGER THAN
THAT!

WOULDN'T
IT BE NICE T' CUT
LOOSE, SEEN' AS IT'S
THE FIRST TIME
IN WEEKS WHERE WE
AREN'T BEIN' CHASED
BY GOVERNMENT
FORCES..PO

And so they will,
in
Remember

They do!



CAN WE *CUT LOOSE*
FOR ONLY FIVE
MINUTES?

NAЕ,
ENJOY YER
POUTIN', JAMES
PROUDSTAR.

AN'
DON'T THINK THAT
LATER I'M GONNA LET
YE LOOK AT THE
POLAROIDS!

COMMENCING
POUT... YEAH, THIS
IS FINE. SEE YA.



-SIGH- THAT GIRL'S
GOING TO KILL ME
ONE OF THESE
DAYS --

CAN'T
THINK OF A
BETTER WAY
TO DIE...
YOU?

WHAT
THE --?

LONG
TIME NO SMELL,
PROUDSTAR.

I'M SURE I DON'T
KNOW YOUR FACE,
AMIGO, BUT THAT
VOICE... I'D
RECOGNIZE IT
ANYWHERE --
-- DEADPOOL.
NICE DISGUISE.

THANKS.
HOLOGRAPHIC
IMAGE INDUCER. ALL
THE ROGUES IN PARIS
ARE SPORTIN'
THEM.

ALWAYS
WANTED TO SEE
THIS PLACE... MEANT
TO COME HERE FOR A
WHILE. IT'S A THING I
DO AFTER COSTNER
MOVIES...

... WENT
TO CHICAGO AFTER
"THE UNTOUCHABLES,"
RENTED A LIMO AFTER "NO
WAY OUT," TOOK A SHOWER
AFTER "WATERWORLD" --

WHAT
DO YOU WANT,
MERC?

HEY,
BURY THE HATCHET,
WARPATH... I COME
SMOKUM PEACE
PIPE.

...
YOU
CONSIDER
YOURSELF
A HERO,
JIMMY?

WHAT?

ONE
OF THE GOOD
GUYS... AN EXEMPLAR?
A PROTAGONIST?
A TONTOP STOP ME IF
YOU CATCH THE DRIFT,
KEMOSABE.

I
CATCH, AND
THE ANSWER
IS YES.

BET IT FEELS GOOD...
CLARITY LIKE
THAT.

SOME
OF US AREN'T
SO FOCUSED. WE
NEED BEACONS,
SIGNPOSTS...
TERRY'S LIKE
A NEON SIGN.
I NEED
HER --

THINKING
LIKE THAT LET
THE HOLOCAUST
HAPPEN... THE
TRAIL OF
TEARS.

SO
NOW I'M A
NAZI?

NO...
BUT YOU'RE
STILL A LIFETIME
AWAY FROM EVER
GETTING CLOSE TO
■ BEACON LIKE
THERESA...

THOUGHT
THAT INSTEAD
OF JUST BLASTING
YOUR SMUG LITTLE
FACE ACROSS THE
PARK WITH A
BAZOOKA...

... I'D
TAKE A SEC
TO TELL YOU THAT
I'M HERE TO TALK TO
TERRY... IN PRIVATE...
AND I'D APPRECIATE
IT IF YOU TOOK A HIKE
FOR A FEW MINUTES
T' LET US CHEW
THE FAT.

AND WHY,
PRAY TELL,
WOULD I DO
THAT?

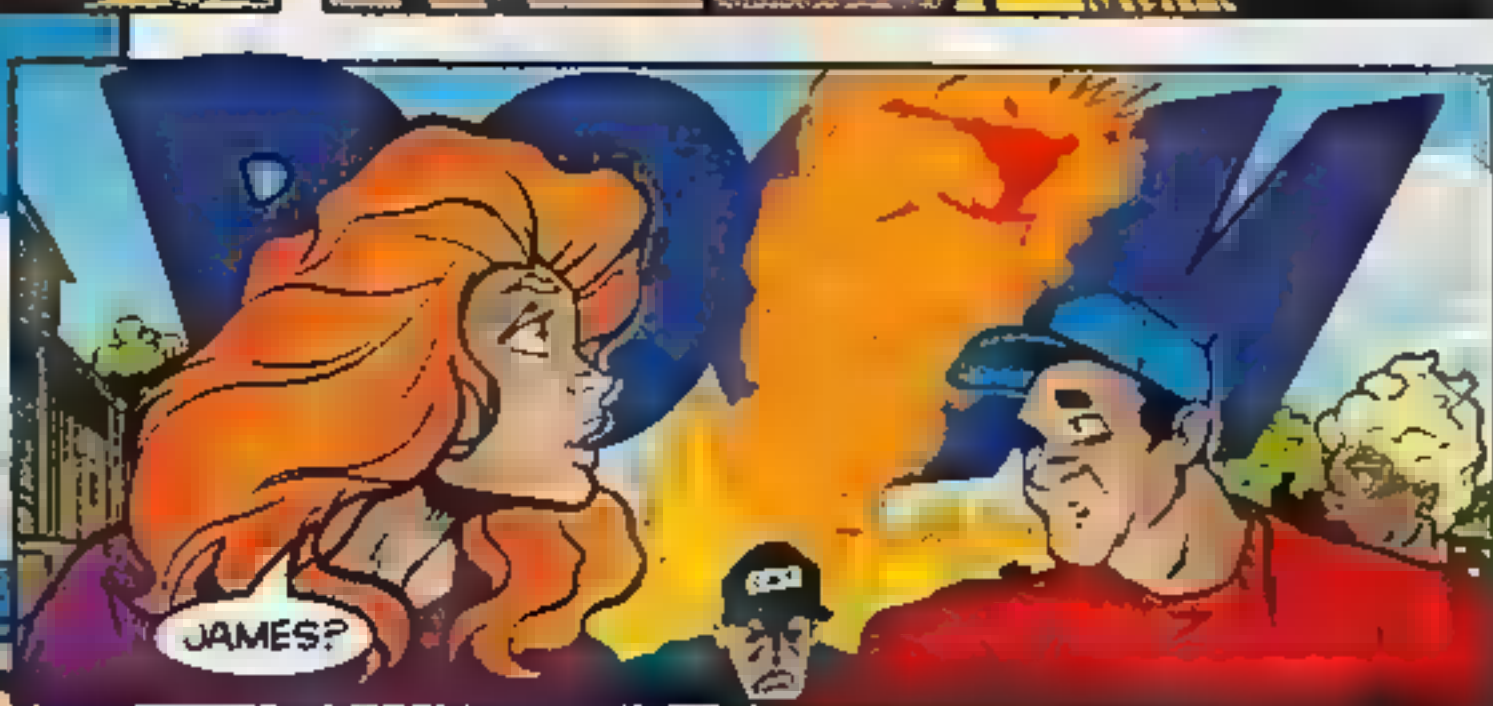
SHE
DOESN'T
NEED YOU.
AND WHEN SHE
DID, I DIDN'T
SEE YOU
AROUND.

CASE
YOU HADN'T
HEARD, WE WERE
HUNTED LIKE DOGS
DURING OPERATION
ZERO TOLERANCE,
NOT A LOT OF
FUN --

... QUITE
FRANKLY, I
DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU EVEN
BOTHR.

THAT'S
MUTANT STUFF...
NOT MY PROBLEM.
SHE DID ALRIGHT.

WACKIE
Wo





NAE...
HE DINNAE SAY
"DEADPOOL"...

I THOUGHT THAT THE SENSITIVE
PORTRAYAL OF THE PLIGHT OF
THE AMERICAN INDIAN WAS
SPECTACULAR --

-- AN!
WHEN THEY
OFFED THAT MUTT,
I NEAR WENT
POSTAL IN THE
MULTI-PLEX.

THERE WAS
ANOTHER COSTNER
FLICK YOU MIGHT
REMEMBER, JAMES...
"DANCES WITH
WOLVES?"

SWIIRFF

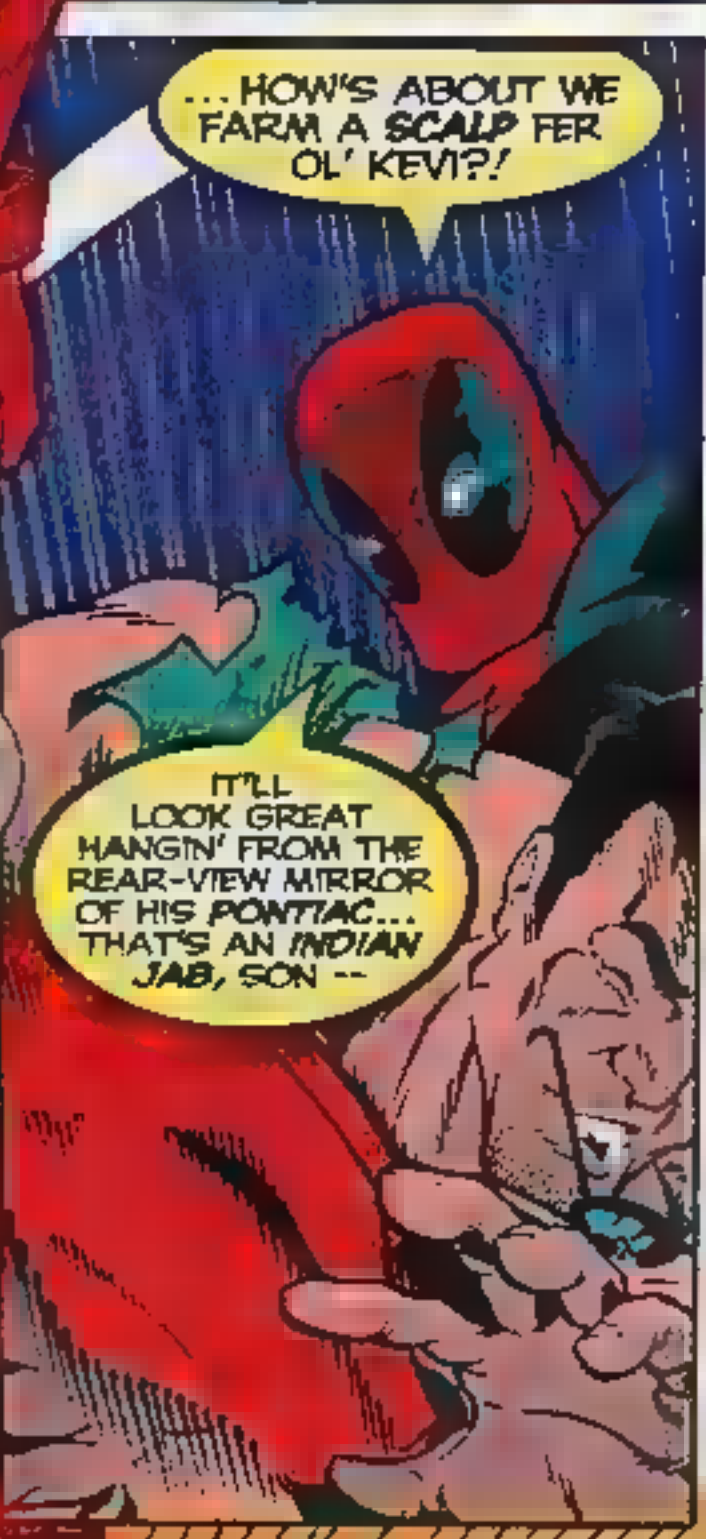
SHHKT

SO TO
COMMEMORATE
THAT EPIC...



... HOW'S ABOUT WE
FARM A SCALP FER
OL' KEVI?!

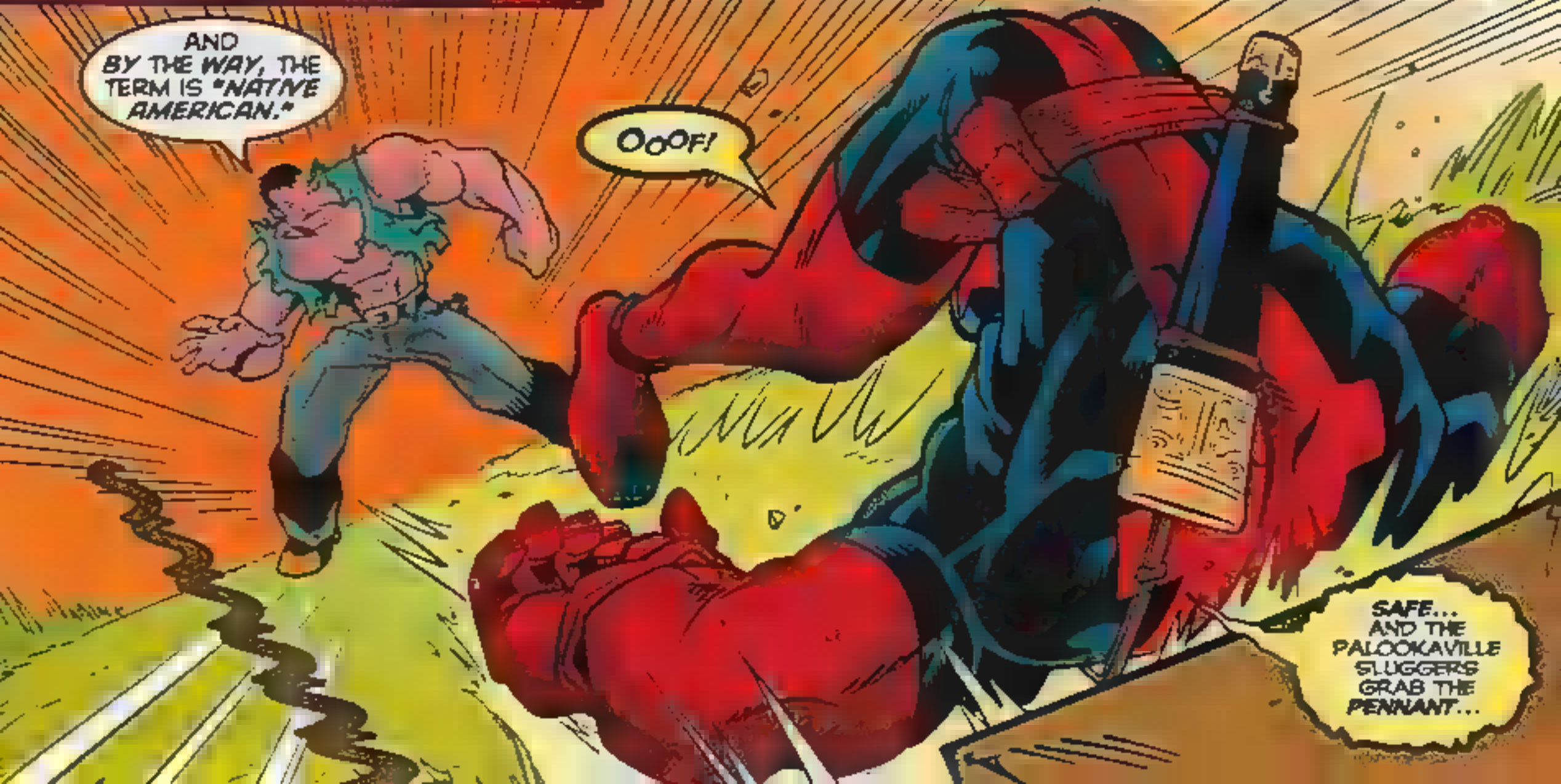
IT'LL
LOOK GREAT
HANGIN' FROM THE
REAR-VIEW MIRROR
OF HIS PONTIAC...
THAT'S AN INDIAN
JAB, SON --



NO...
THIS IS
AN INDIAN
JAB.

GLOKK!

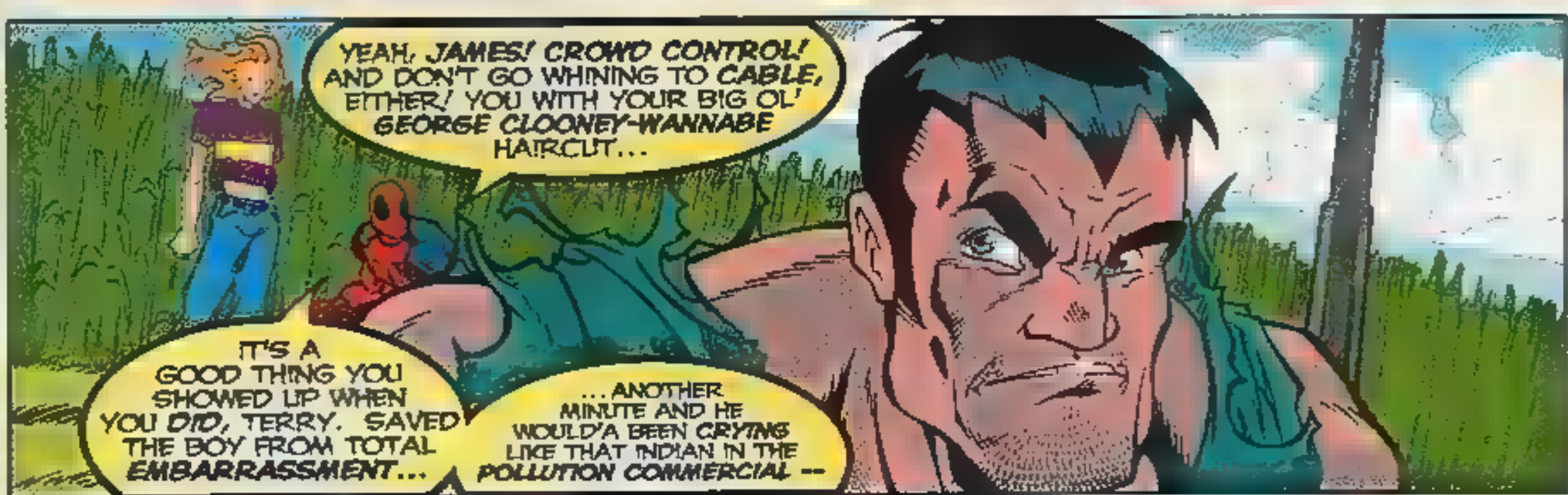
HUURGK!



AND
BY THE WAY, THE
TERM IS "NATIVE
AMERICAN."

OOF!

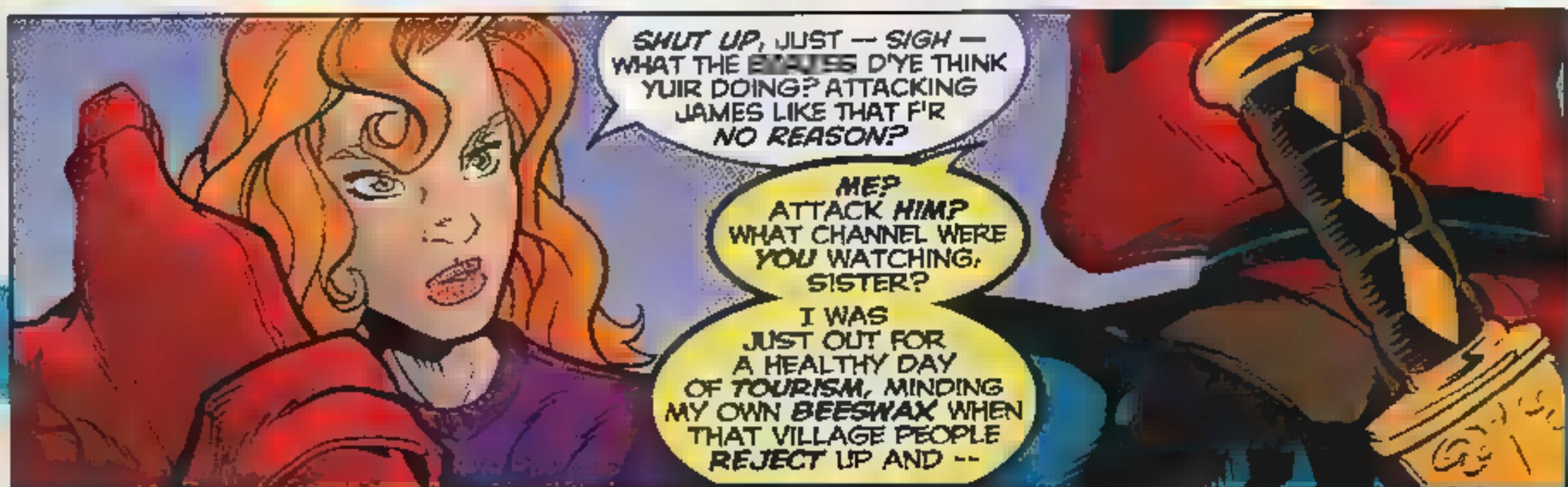
SAFE...
AND THE PALOOKAVILLE
SLUGGERS
GRAB THE
PENNANT...



YEAH, JAMES! CROWD CONTROL!
AND DON'T GO WHINING TO CABLE,
EITHER! YOU WITH YOUR BIG OL'
GEORGE CLOONEY-WANNABE
HAIRCUT...

IT'S A
GOOD THING YOU
SHOWED UP WHEN
YOU DID, TERRY. SAVED
THE BOY FROM TOTAL
EMBARRASSMENT...

... ANOTHER
MINUTE AND HE
WOULD'A BEEN CRYING
LIKE THAT INDIAN IN THE
POLLUTION COMMERCIAL --



SHUT UP, JUST -- SIGH --
WHAT THE ~~HELL~~ D'YE THINK
YUIR DOING? ATTACKING
JAMES LIKE THAT F'R
NO REASON?

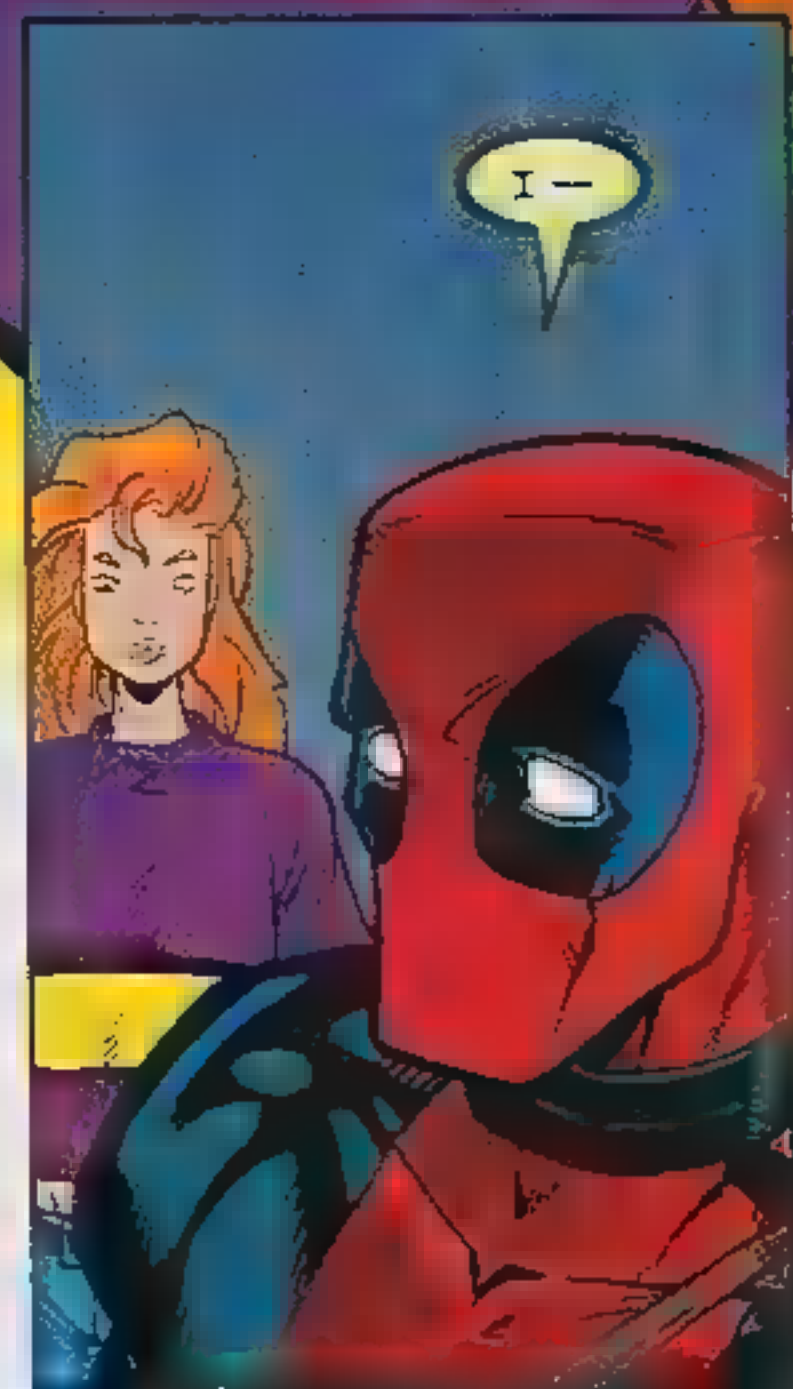
ME?
ATTACK HIM?
WHAT CHANNEL WERE
YOU WATCHING,
SISTER?

I WAS
JUST OUT FOR
A HEALTHY DAY
OF TOURISM, MINDING
MY OWN BEESWAX WHEN
THAT VILLAGE PEOPLE
REJECT UP AND --



EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

WHAT D'YE
WANT?!



I --

TELL
ME THAT YOU...
THAT YOU LIKE ME.
AS A PERSON,
Y'KNOW?

AS A
FRIEND.

WHAT?
Oh, WADE,
I --

NO...
NO!



YUIR NOT GOING TO PULL
TH' PUPPY DOG RUBBISH
WITH ME THIS TIME,
WILSON!

YE CAME
HERE LOOKING
FER MISCHIEF,
THAT'S WHAT
YE FOUND. YER PAL
SIRYN ISN'T GOING
TO KISS IT AND
IT ALL
BETTER --

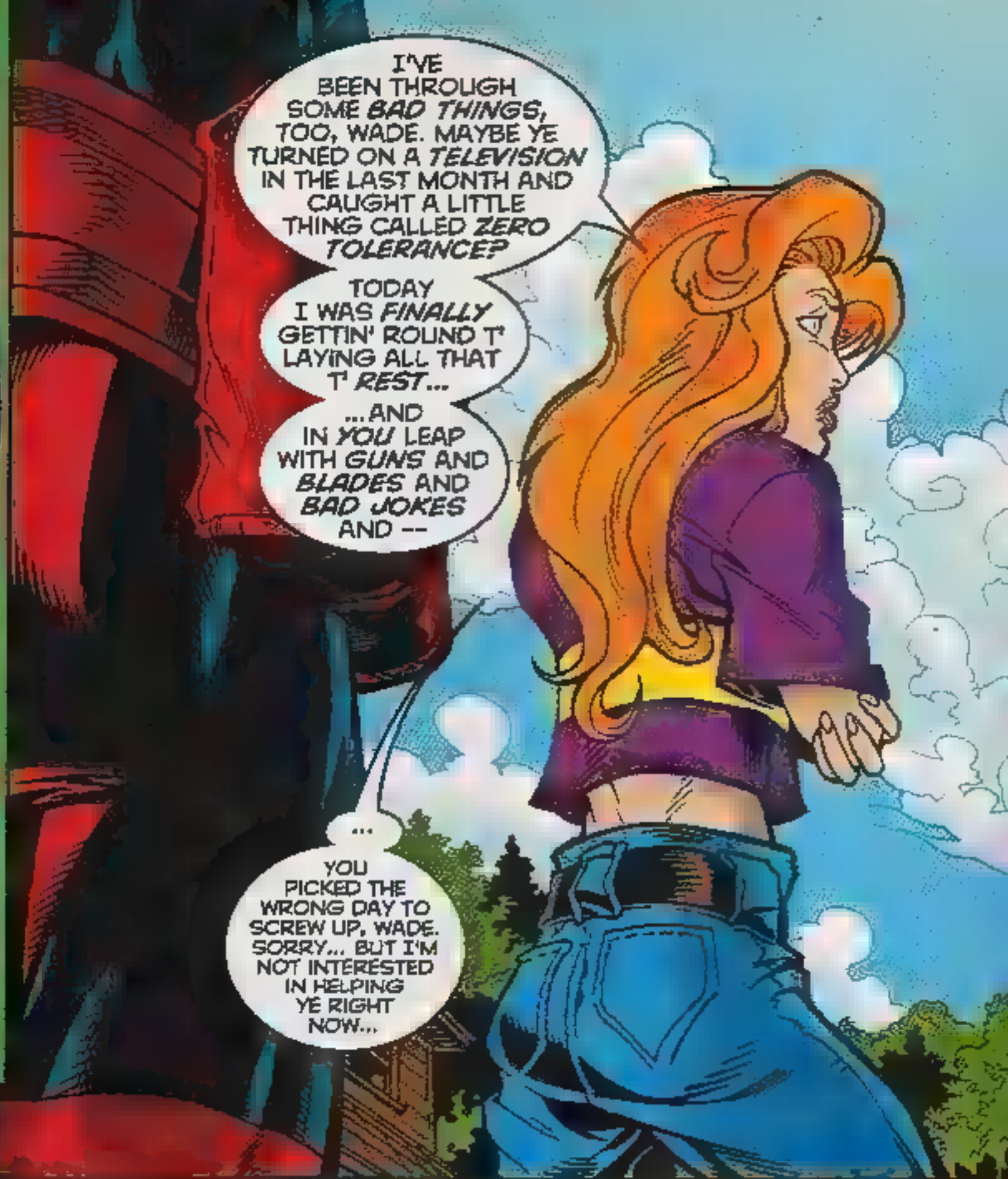
WAIT! I
DIDN'T WANT
TO CAUSE
TROUBLE --
TERRY!

I'VE BEEN
LOOKING ALL
OVER FOR YOU,
DON'T --



TERRY,
PLEASE... THINGS
HAVE BEEN
HAPPENING... NOT
SO GOOD THINGS...
I... I NEED
HELP.

I
NEED
YOU.



I'VE
BEEN THROUGH
SOME *BAD THINGS*,
TOO, WADE. MAYBE YE
TURNED ON A *TELEVISION*
IN THE LAST MONTH AND
CAUGHT A LITTLE
THING CALLED *ZERO*
TOLERANCE?

TODAY
I WAS *FINALLY*
GETTIN' ROUND T'
LAYING ALL THAT
T' REST...

...AND
IN *YOU* LEAP
WITH *GUNS* AND
BLADES AND
BAD JOKES
AND --

...
YOU
PICKED THE
WRONG DAY TO
SCREW UP, WADE.
SORRY... BUT I'M
NOT INTERESTED
IN HELPING
YE RIGHT
NOW...



PICK
UP YU!R OWN
MESS.

WHAT?

TERRY,
WAIT --



HEY! LOOK, I'M
SORRY MY
TIMING ████████
BUT THIS IS
SERIOUS!

THIS ISN'T LIKE
"OOH, I HAVE A
ZIT BEFORE THE
PROM, HELP ME
POP IT," THIS
IS ME LOSING
MY GRIP
ON --

ROURKE!
I'M TALKING
TO YOU!
STOP!

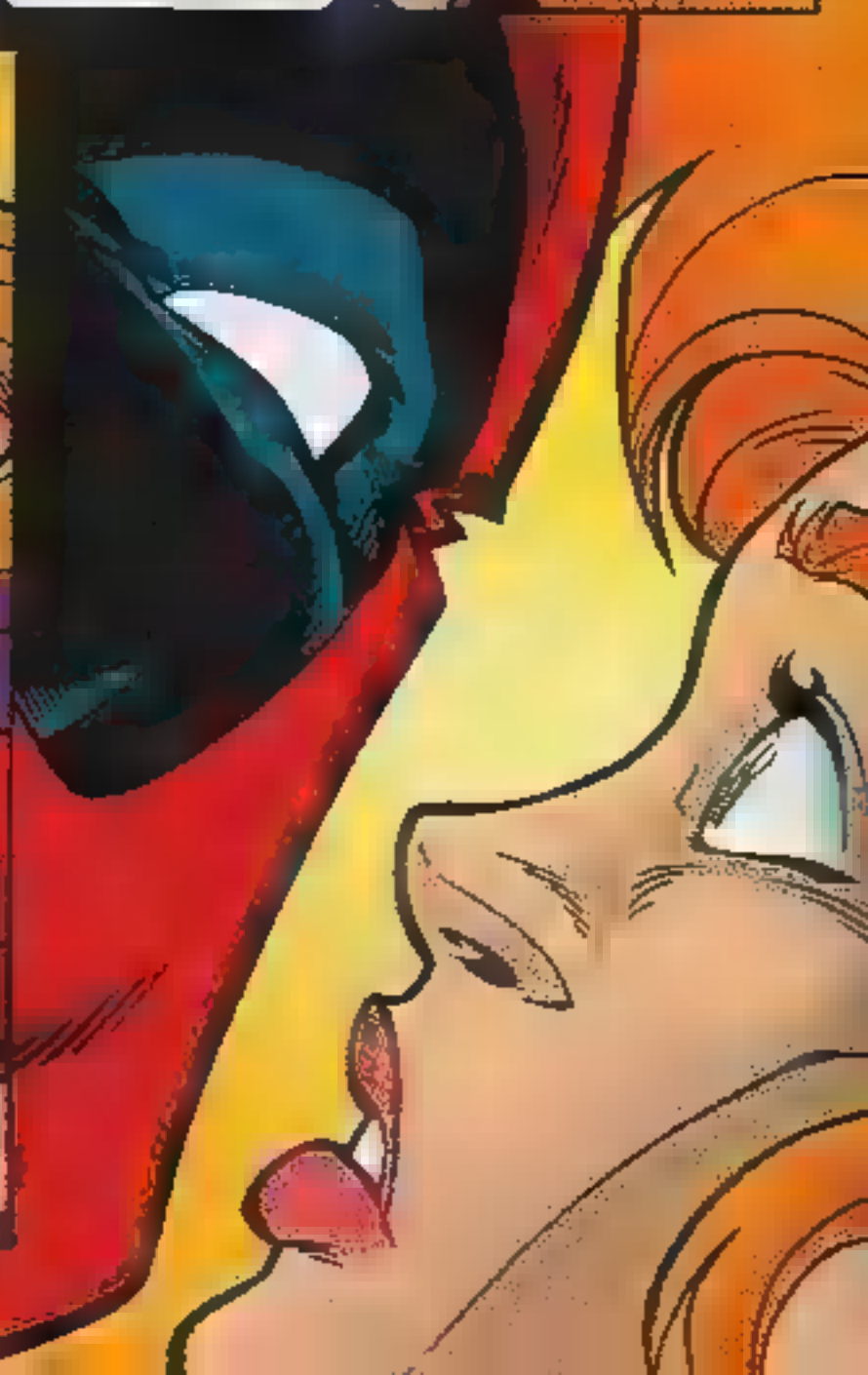
I'LL
CALL YOU
WHEN... WHEN I
GET SETTLED IN.

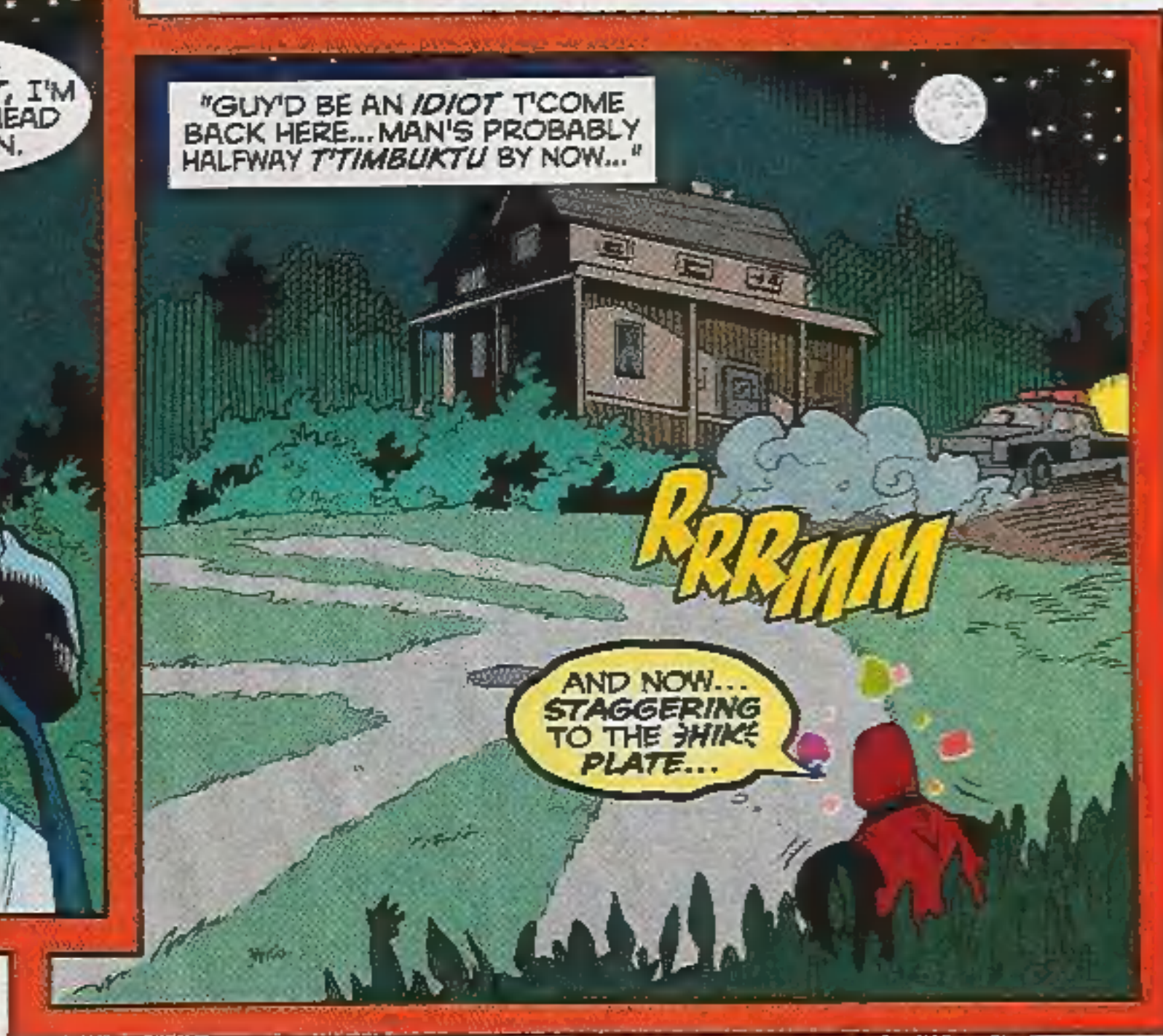
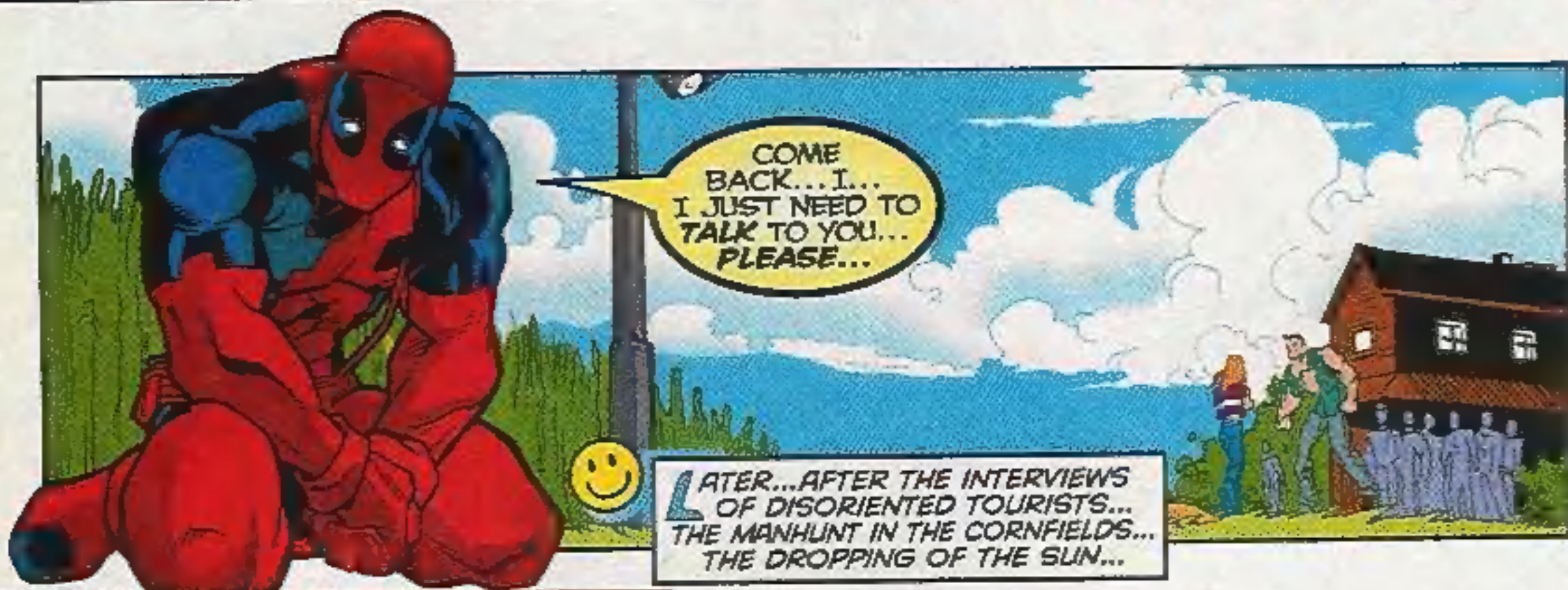


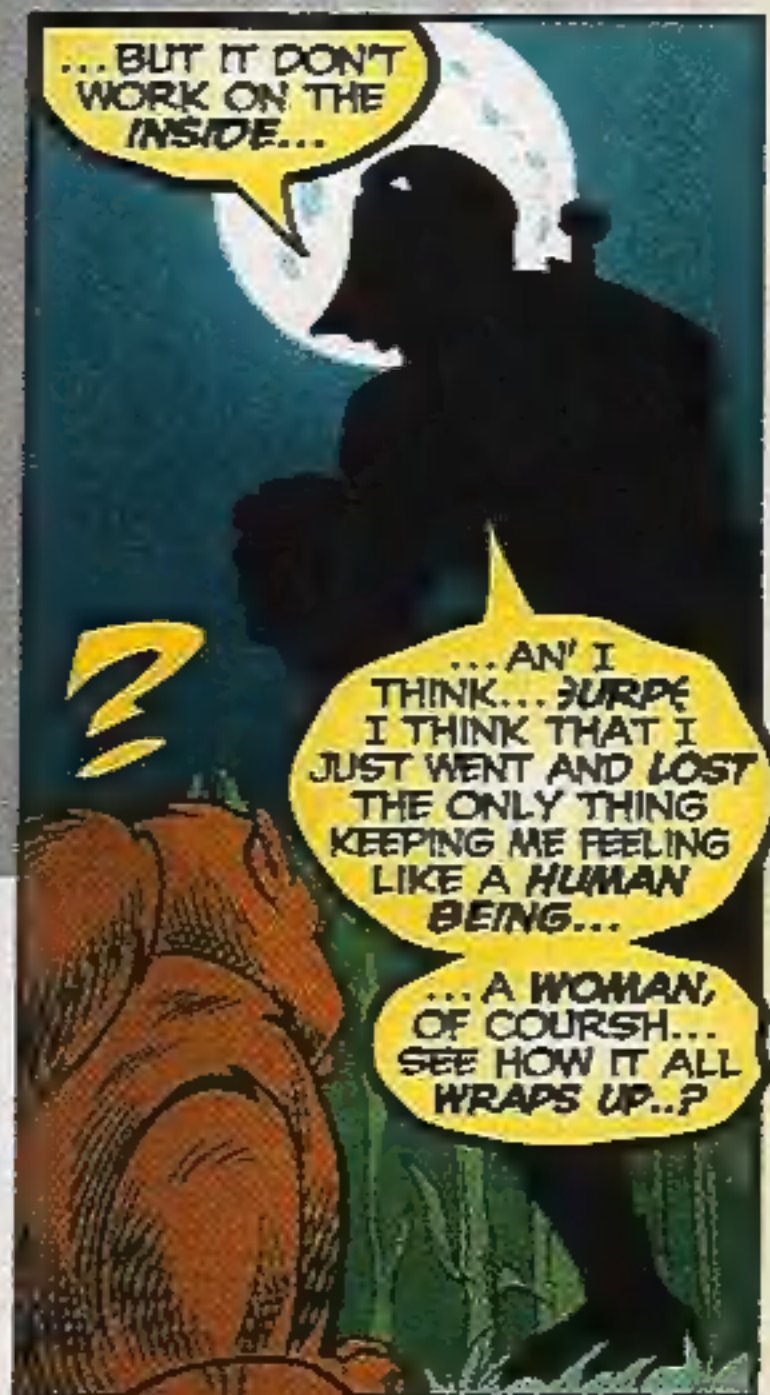
I SAID
STOP!
DON'T YOU DARE
TURN YOUR BACK
ON ME WHEN I'M
TALKING TO
YOU!

YOU'LL
STAND HERE
AND LISTEN,
OR SO HELP
ME --

W-
WADE!







WHEN A GUY
FALLS APART... IT
AIN'T HALF AS COOL
LOOKING AS IT
SOUNDS...

WADE?

OH... SHURE...
NOW THE VOICE
THINGIE IN THE CORN
FIELD STARTS...
WELL GUESSH
WHAT?

BEEEEEP!
THANKS FOR
CALLING, BUT WHOEVER
YOU ARE, DEADPOOL
CAN'T COME TO HIS
MIND RIGHT
NOW --
— I'M BUSY
GETTING LIT.

DEADPOOL

WADE...
IT'S ME.

WHY?
GLUE ON TOP
OF MAKING A FOOL
OUT OF MYSELF, YOU
WANNA SEE ME BLOW
CHUNKS, TOO?

NO... I
CHANGED MY
MIND. COME
ON.

GOWAY...
I DON'T WANT
YER PITY —

OKAY... SO
HOW ABOUT THIS
INSTEAD?

THAT'S
FUNNY... I NEVER
HALLUCINATED
WHILE DROWNING
MY SORROWS
BEFORE...

... MAYBE I
SHOULDA WIPED
OFF THE CAN
FIRSSHT...

... YOU
LOOK JUST LIKE
TERRY... I GUESS
THAT'S BETTER
THAN SOME FAT
DEAD BASEBALL
GUY...

I AM
TERRY. I'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU.

